

## Succession of Witches: Parts 1 &2

by Card Queen Selphie

Category: Final Fantasy VIII

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-13 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-13 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:15:00

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,311

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Contains "The beginning" and "Ancient lore vs. Present day"

## Succession of Witches: Parts 1 &2

> <meta name="Generator"> Succession of Witches: The beginning

Succession of Witches: The beginning

Diary of Quistis Trepe

September 10th

Balamb Garden Dormitory Single:

In the beginning it was easy to understand our place in the world. We were brought to Garden so that one-day we would become SeedS, an honorable and yet fairly unrewarding occupation. A Seed was trained for the soul purpose of defeating the sorceress, to preserve peace between the continents, and basically anything else the Garden saw fit. It was at this time that I was naïve and careless, but after Ultimecia's final defeat I realized just what we were. Squall still followed orders to a T but, due to Rinoa's influence, had become too relaxed and put little effort into the work he had once thrived for. Young SeedS were growing up before my eyes, only to become hard and shallow combatants, dedicated only to their orders, and while some retained their humanity and innocence others left it pleasingly behind. And so this shall be my final page, my final words in this ledger for I have since instituted my official resignation as a senior member of Seed. I find it hard to work in a syndicate that molds impressionable children into machines for hire. But before I leave Garden for good, I bid those I know and love farewell and those who I have never met I say to you that I wish I had the time to know you all. And since I am turning in my journal for evaluation purposes I do not doubt that my friends will be reading this, goodbye, I love you all.

Sincerely

Quistis Trepe

Student ID number: 0674

Quistis closed her ledger as a tear came crashing down upon her paper. She hadn't really prepared herself to leave, but it was something she had to do. She glanced sadly around her dormitory room, it was so bare and plain. All her belongings were packed neatly in a small box by the window, the only thing she had left to do was return the book to the headmaster. It was standard Garden code, if something truly eventful had occurred, she was to record it in the ledger, provided by the Garden, and return it to the Headmaster so that future cadets could learn from it. To think that she might actually be on a SeeD exam in the future made her laugh. She gave a small sigh and walked out the door, book in hand.

"Quistis!" yelled Selphie. She came flying down the hall from the Quad, Zell straggled behind. "Hi, Selphie, Zell." Quistis replied softly. Selphie stomped her foot in a huff. "You're really leaving?" Quistis smiled and nodded. "I'm afraid so, besides I'm 19 now, I think some time on my own is healthy. And I won't have to worry about work, I made enough for three lifetimes from that battle." She smiled and sighed. "But—" Zell started to interrupt. "Come-on, Zell. Don't make it harder than it already is. Let's leave it at that, shall we." Selphie's eyes teared up and she jumped on Quistis, gripping her in a bear hug. "I'll miss you so much. Are you sure you won't stay, Rinoa can be such a bitch!" Quistis busted out laughing. "I'll see you later, guys. Take care." Said Quistis as she walked slowly down the hall.

"This is so not cool." Exclaimed Zell. Selphie turned to Zell and she sniffed back a river of tears. "Do you think she'll be all right?" Zell scoffed. "That's instructor Trepe, she'll be fine." Selphie nodded inadvertently and sighed. Zell glanced at Selphie, her eyes bubbling over with tears. He would miss Quistis too, but they would see each other often, she was only moving to Balamb. He shrugged, he simply did not understand women. "Come-on, I'll buy you a hot-dog." He said as he put his arm around her. "Ooh, how tempting." She replied as they strolled down the corridor toward the cafeteria.

---

"Do you think she'll miss us?" asked Selphie with half-a hot-dog stuffed in her mouth. Zell nearly choked on a French fry. "Do you think you could shut up about this for one minute?" Selphie looked down sadly, but he was right, there was no use dwelling on this forever, after all she wasn't exactly going very far away. "Hey guys." Called Irvine as he strolled over to their table with his tray in his hands. "Hey Irv—" said Selphie, her eyes fixed upon the leather clad cowboy. He winced and backed away. Selphie had become totally controlling and besides he wasn't the type of guy to stick to one lady. It was creepy when she got all starry eyed at him. Nevertheless he pulled out a chair and sat down next to Zell. "Did you hear about the new transfer student?" Zell asked calmly. "I heard she's totally hot!" replied Irvine as he stared into the sky and smiled. "Yeah, well, she transferred from Trabia garden. Rumor has it

she got kicked out of both Trabia and Galbadia gardens. " Zell added, waving a fry in Irvine's face to add to the whole mystery of it all. "For what?" Zell shrugged, "Don't know, that's just what I heard." "Is that true?" Asked Selphie while stealing one of Irvine's fries. "Dunno, that's why they call it a rumor." Irvine perked up. "Well, be that as it may, as long as she's hot she can stay here." Zell laughed. "Since when do you hold authority over Garden?" Selphie giggled rather loudly. "For real! You're not even a SeeD, you keep flunking out. You can't even pass the written exam." Irvine sat wounded, his manly pride had been dashed to ribbons. "Yeah well, that test is hard. And I could pass it if I didn't keep copying off of stupid people." They all laughed at him, not with him, at him and being the dullard that he was, he laughed right along with them.

"Speaking of hot chicks, did Quisty already split for Balamb? " Asked Irvine. Zell nodded and continue eating. Irvine sat quiet for a minute. "She didn't even say goodbye. What a bitch!" Selphie smacked him on the back of his head, making him cough up a fry chunk. "Be nice, She had enough trouble leaving as it was. Besides we'll see her all the time anyway. Too bad it wasn't Rinoa who left Garden." Zell rolled his eyes. "What's with this personal vendetta against Rinoa anyway? You like Squall or something." Selphie nearly choked on a piece of hot-dog. "Hell No. She's just all high and mighty and stuff, and since Timber hasn't completely gained independence we're kind of technically still working for her. I don't know, she's just pissy." "Pissy?" Zell looked puzzled. "Since when do you use the word 'Pissy'?" Selphie sighed, "What, she is. And she's way too controlling." She added as she grabbed another handful of fries from Irvine's tray. "Talk about controlling. What the hell gives you the right to covet someone's french fries like that, it's inhuman. " "Chill man." Said Zell as he pat Irvine on the back. Selphie bit into a french fry right in his face just to piss him off. "That's it, we're through!" Selphie scratched her head. "Over a fry? That's a bit extreme don't you think." Irvine had no idea what to say, but he was fed up with Selphie. "It's not the stupid fry. You're crazy! NUTS!! And you don't take your socks off to have sex, now that really pisses me off, those socks have got to go." Selphie sat completely still, her face buried in her hands. The whole cafeteria had just heard about her peculiar lovemaking habits. "Cool, dinner theater." Zell exclaimed as a smile played across his lips. Irvine was totally on a role. "Is that what you think of me?" Selphie asked, totally stunned. "Hell yeah!" Irvine yelled. Hell, he'd gone this far, why not tell the whole truth all day. Yeah, it felt really good. Zell busted out with laughter, his chair tipping over as he fell crashing to the floor. "Ha ha! Right on!" Hmm, why stop here? "I'll bet ignorance is bliss, right Zell?" Zell stopped laughing when he realized that this was a lame attempt to piss him off. Of course, Zell just shrugged it off. "Ha, Selphie's nuts. " he continued. When Irvine realized that he'd go nowhere fast with this one, he dumped the contents of his tray in to the trash can and proceeded to walk out the door. Squall was waiting in the hallway, he was supposed to meet Rinoa for lunch. "Hey Irvine." He said casually, not really looking up to fully acknowledge his presence. "Hey Asshole." Irvine replied. "Next time you wanna greet someone you might want to actually look at them you emotionless prick." Squall merely stood unaffected. "Whatever." He replied. Irvine scoffed, shook his head and strolled on down the hallway, bringing with him a frenzy of chaotic energy and hatefulness. This was going to be quite an eventful day.

## Headmasters Office

12:36 PM

Headmaster Cid Kramer was a nice, intelligent, somewhat portly man with a huge heart. He had been with the Garden for sometime, infact he and his wife, Edea, had created the whole thing some time ago. He loved his wife dearly and was relieved that he hadn't lost her to Sorceress Ultemecia. Ever since he appointed Squall in charge of the students he had made his life so much easier, to where he could kick back and relax. Unfortunately grave matters still plagued him. He stood near the window to his newly renovated office, now located on the B1 floor of the garden, dictating a letter of utmost importance. "Once again, thank you for the generous donation in the amount of 1 million gil, I assure you it will be put to good use. Sincerely, Cid Kramer, headmaster.' Got that? 'P.S. We should really get together for dinner again sometime, your wife sure makes good roast duck. Hope you enjoy the cookies Edea made for you.'" Cid smiled. "Is that it sir?" asked the secretary politely. "Yes, oh add a little happy face after the cookie part will you, gives it more style." The secretary nodded along. "Yes sir." The woman picked up her notebook and pen and walked out, meeting Quistis in the main room. "Is he in?" asked Quistis in regards to the headmaster. The woman nodded and Quistis thanked her and walked in. "Ahh, Instructor Trepe. Don't tell me you're leaving." Quistis smiled. "I'm afraid so. Is the paperwork all done." Cid nodded. "I believe so, yes." "Well, that's it then. Oh, my ledger." She handed it to Cid. "You don't have to go you know." Quistis smiled. "Yes I do. " Cid sat down on his desk and sighed. "It's that important to you, huh?" "I'm afraid so."

Quistis knew that she would miss him, most of all. She had been practically raised by the man and his wife. She smiled and turned to leave, Cid called after her. "Quisty, I never told you how proud I was of you. Take care." He said. Her smile beamed from ear to ear and she hugged him. "I better go." She said, wiping a tear from her eye as she left. "So very proud of you." He followed softly to himself. "Be careful out there." He said as he wiped a tear from his eye. "We're going to miss you."

End Chapter One.

\*\*\_

Chapter two: Ancient lore Vs present day

\_\*\*

Balamb Garden Hallway

1:13 p.m.

Since it was mid afternoon the Garden hallways were in their usual state of flurry. Third period classes were only just letting out for the afternoon and the multitude of students were making their daily pilgrimage to the cafeteria for their much required munchies. Although Balamb garden was top in its class and filled to the brim with students, it was usually quiet and calm. Of course no one ever complained about it much, it was the perfect atmosphere in which to study and prepare and there was always something to do, triple triad being the most popular, and of course the Garden Festival was fully

put into play and many students had volunteered for that as well. It seemed as if everyone had his or her perfect place in garden.

In the main hall Quistis had been surrounded suddenly by a rather large, and rather upset mob of trepies. Irvine was now confined to the disciplinary room after saying just what he thought about Seifer, Selphie was crying hysterically on Zell's arm after losing her beloved Irvine and Rinoa and Squall were seemingly having a nice meal in their own little corner of the cafeteria. Ah yes, everyone had their place indeed.

A young girl looked confidently toward the main gate. This was it, another new school, and one more chance at being a Seed. What was she thinking? It would be just as terrible here as Trabia and Galbadia. She simply did not fit in anywhere. She clutched her sword closely to her chest. Guess she would just have to defend herself, once again. She brushed back her silver hair and pushed open the gate. When she saw what lied within she gasped. It was sooo much bigger than either of her previous gardens, this was definitely going to be a challenge. She gave a small sigh and continued walking through the courtyard till she made it past the entrance. The main hall was just so intimidating to her. \_I guess this is it \_she thought to herself. \_Don't screw it up this time. \_ A young man silently brushed past her and she jumped half startled. "Sir, Um excuse me." The young man turned scratching his head. "Yes what is it?" She fumbled her words. "Um, I'm looking for the headmasters room, I'm transferring here today." He smiled. "Look, don't be nervous, hardly anyone's unfriendly here." He smiled and pointed toward the elevator. "Take the elevator to the third floor, trust me you can't miss it." She smiled and thanked him. Maybe this place wouldn't be so bad.

\_Third floor, huh? \_She traipsed up the decoratively painted steps. This was certainly prettier than Galbadia! She paid close attention to the cheerful dÃ©cor, without paying much attention to where she was going. She ran smack dab into Zell, who coincidentally was taking a break from playing big brother to Selphie. "Whoa. Sorry about that." He said lifting up his head, and what he saw scared the hell out him. She had her sword pulled and stood ready to fight. "Dang I said sorry!" Zell screamed. Her eyes widened. "I'm sorry, I'm just kind of on edge is all." She lowered her sword and put it happily back in its sheath. Zell rubbed his butt, which had been slightly hurt in the fall. "Well, you don't have to cut someone's head off." Zell stopped when he saw her. She was incredibly pretty. She had long silver hair that dangled way past her back, a great body and the most amazing green eyes he'd ever seen. She wore a shiny white, trenchcoat type shirt, it looked kind of like Rinoa's, and baggy black leather pants with combat boots. Her sword was strapped behind her back, it looked extremely heavy. "I said I was sorry." She said angrily. Zell smiled and smacked his forehead at how stupid he was.

"You must be the new transfer student." He said happily. She smiled and nodded her head in agreement. "Yes, I'm Aria." He smiled with tremendous glee. "Zell, Zell Dincht. Hey, why don't I introduce you to my friends, then maybe we can give you a tour of the umâ€¦ facilities. She smiled and nodded, I'd love to." She smiled and picked up her backpack. Zell was just a bit intimidated by her, she had the rough appearance of soldier and the strength to match. That sword alone had to be at least half her weight, and he should know he couldn't even lift Squall's gunblade without struggling. She walked with her head down, her silvery white hair falling bit by bit into

her face as she stepped, and her gleaming emerald eyes darting mischievously around the room as she went alongside an anxious Zell. First stop was to meet his friends so he systematically led her straight to the quad, where the team spent most of their spare time helping the lively miss Tilmett with her duties as chairman of the Garden Festival. "Are you sure they're here?" asked Aria shyly. Zell pat her on the back and said, "Of course. It's only another two weeks till the festival and Selphie's pressed for time as it is." He laughed when he thought of Selphie trying to put everyone to work, she could be very assertive when she wanted to be. They strolled calmly down the steps of the quad and out into the newly restored Festival area. The stage had been rebuilt along with new stadium seating for just such an event. It wasn't as nice as Galbadia's auditorium but it worked just fine for Balamb.

Selphie jumped with pure glee when she saw Zell coming down the pathway. "Yay, more help! Come-on Zell, you can do the banners and the tickets andâ€¦" Zell stopped her immediately. "Chill Selphie, I just came to introduce the new transfer student, I kind of crashed into her in the hallway." Selphie looked confused. "But I thoughtâ€¦" but of course she perked up after she realized that she could weasel her way into getting even more help, then maybe she could relax a bit while the others did all the work. "Hi there." She said happily. Aria backed away, startled by Selphie's forward advance. "I'm Aria." Squall walked up and stood beside Selphie. "Just Aria?" She laughed a bit. "Well, I don't actually have a last name, or if I had one I don't remember it." Raijin peaked his head out of the stage curtain, yes he too had been swindled by the perky little freak. "I have that problem too ya know." He was never very helpful at all. She nodded in confusion. "yeahâ€¦well, I just transferred her from Trabia Garden." "We know." Rinoa said, hanging all over Squall. "Oh. Okay." Aria replied, getting a weird vibe from the whole ordeal. Rinoa smiled and sat down on the stage. "So, did you really get kicked out of Trabia?" she asked. "Yeah, how'd you manage that?" added Selphie. Aria sat down quietly in a front row seat, putting her head in her hands. "Well, I kinda got into fights and stuff." She said. Zell swatted the air. "So, what's the big deal, a lot of kids fight in school." She sighed heavily and tried to figure out how to explain everything and not sound like a total lunatic. "I, um severely injured a studentâ€¦accidentally. I'm really unrelenting when it comes to a fight and I press it longer than I usually should. The kid made me so mad and we got into a small tiff, but something snapped and I just wanted to tear him apart, and did. I'm not crazy, I swear." She pleaded. Although she was ill tempered she did not want to lose friends before she made any. The room was so quiet. "So what's up with the katana?" Squall asked breaking the ice at long last. She sneered at him drawing her weapon and studying it. "It's not a katana, it's a masamune. I got it when I was little, my guardian made me practice with it every day so I could become an expert." Zell stopped her in the middle of her story. "Guardian? Didn't you have parents." She stayed quiet for awhile, trying to remember anything she could about her childhood. She thought of the house and it's drafty stone walls, the garden in the back, and her room, which had a beautiful view of these tall hazy mountains. She tried to think of her parents.

"I never knew my father, my guardian said he had passed away before I was born. And my mother, well, come to think of it I've only heard tales of her. She was supposed to be beautiful, powerful. She was said to have brought peace to this world when the continents were at

warâ€¦ or something like that. I never believed those stories, but I do believe that she made her mark in the world. I don't have much to remember her by, besides this sword and stories I've heard." She sighed, saddened by these unwelcome memories. She could never run from them, but she did suppress them, all of her life. Squall studied the sword carefully, running his gloves down the long curved blade, and studying the intricate details on the hilt. "Beautiful! Although it is a kind of primitive weapon, gunblades are much more efficient and lightweight. The sheer aerodynamics of this is really shabby, but the craftsmanship is nothing short of superb." He swung it around a bit, getting a feel for its movement. Squall stared at a small carving on the base of the blade. "What's this?" he asked. "Hmm?" Aria glanced up from her spot in the rod iron chair. "Oh, that, I never noticed thatâ€¦ what's it say?" Squall brushed off his fingerprints and tilted so he could read it perfectly. "Iracundia et Caelum." Aria sighed and stood up. "That's odd. You'd think I'd remember something like that." Zell laughed, "Sounds spooky." Selphie whacked him on the back of his head. "That's not nice." Aria laughed. "It's okay, it does kind of sound eerie." Selphie smiled and tilted her head to the side. "Hey, enough with all this sad talk, we've got a festival to plan dammit! Zell, get the banners, Squall get the paint, Aria you and Rinoa get the band equipment and set it by the stageâ€¦ And Raijin get your ass out here and do something productive, I swear you're just so lazy andâ€¦. what would Fujin say if sheâ€¦" Selphie's voice trailed off into the distance. No one would get any sleep tonight.

## Disciplinary Room

2:05 p.m.

Irvine sat comfortably on the small leather couch located in the waiting area of the disciplinary room. He was staring intensely out the window. Classes were letting out for the day and everybody was off to do their own thing with their friends. The courtyard was filled with students walking from class. God, anything was better than this, even two hours of history in that stuffy old classroom. He normally got defensive when his instructor talked about The Sorceress Wars, it took all his will to keep from correcting him on most matters concerning this subject, after all he had helped out with one no more than a year ago. He tapped his fingers impatiently on the arm of the couch. \_Stupid Disciplinary committee, what was taking them so long? \_He'd been waiting well over an hour and was getting a bit anxious. He perked up suddenly, \_I know what they're doing, they're making me crazy, making me think they're never comingâ€¦ hee hee, they won't get the best of me. \_ But just when he was about to snap Seifer marched in, Fujin and Raijin trailing behind as usual.

"Finally!" Irvine said with relief as he sprung off the couch, making one of those "butt-on-leather" noises as he went. "I have been waiting forever." Seifer smiled evilly. "Well, whoopdy-fuckin'-doo." Seifer exclaimed. Irvine was annoyed. "What the hell am I doing here anyway?" he asked, nearly freaking out. Seifer checked his clipboard. "Officiallyâ€¦ you called me aâ€¦" "Pansy ass fagot boy, ya know." Said Raijin, interrupting his rather moody headman. Seifer nodded, "but unofficially, I just wanted to see you break." Irvine sighed angrily and plopped back down on the couch. "So what's my punishment, and make it quick." Seifer smiled, "well, under no circumstances are you to leave that couch, not even to piss." Irvine nodded. "For how long?" "FOREVER." Fujin explained. Seifer scratched his head. "Till I

say so, got it?"

Irvine was in complete shock, he had a million things to do and he was already bored to high heaven. "But—" Seifer smiled and shook his head. "No buts. Deal with it!" Irvine fell backwards, hitting the couch. \_Why was this happening? \_He thought. He had not been prepared to spend the rest of eternity stuck on some sorry, uncomfortable, tacky leather couch. He sighed, finally accepting his fate, but there would be a loop hole, there was always a loop hole. He stretched himself out to where he was comfortable, his feet propped up by the arm of the couch and his back leaning against a very frumpish throw pillow on the opposite end. "I wonder what everyone's doing?" he said as he closed his eyes. He might as well get some sleep, he wasn't going to be doing much of anything else.

Balamb Garden Front Gate

2:22 p.m.

Aria leaned back calmly against the cold stone dividers that lined the entranceway. The sun beamed down on her pale face with such a warm and gentle energy. It hadn't even been one day and yet she had already made friends with the most popular, open-minded kids in Garden. Although she had to take a break from Selphie and her festival activities. She slid her hands behind her head and closed her eyes as a mild breeze swept through the area. She would no doubt be happier here than anywhere she had been before. A heartfelt sigh escaped her lips as she began to think about her home, that dusty, dreary old estate. She would be happy here on this island, to think she could actually walk the beach, to feel sand instead of that black soil. Slowly she drifted off to sleep, the sun and the breeze singing her harmonious melodies as she fell into her serenity. And no sooner than she had she was continents away.

Somewhere else entirely

Aria opened her eyes to find herself right back where it all began. The wooden walls of her bedroom were cracked and peeling, and her bed itself was a mess of dust. She coughed, she had forgotten what this air tasted like, almost like sulfur. She pushed herself out of bed and walked quietly down the hallway, wrapping her blanket tightly around her. It seemed as if no one was home, and perhaps she was thankful for it. The sun could barely be seen through the smudged and dusty windows, and the vines outside entangled the exterior of the house, the back of it anyway. She stopped in the middle of the upstairs hall and stared out of the huge gothic window. The grass had grown tall and the vines swept over the house as if they were pulling it down. Stately mountains sat tall in rows in the distance, their snow covered peaks shining and glistening in the light, and yet the mountains themselves were gray and dismal, out of place for such a view. She continued to walk, the floorboards creaked under the carpet as she went. She remembered when the house was rebuilt years ago, they did a good job, but somethings were still the same. When they first acquired the house it was in terrible shape, hundreds of years old and rotting. She carefully went downstairs, stepping quietly to hush the creaks in the floor. Not much had been changed as far as looks, two small studies still sat in opposite corners of the house. She walked to the side and through a small doorway that lead to the back of the house. A grand piano sat in a large room straight in front of her. Her guardian specifically forbid her to play it, as it



would ruin its value. She scoffed as she remembered him, the asshole. She made her way slowly around the bottom of the house and then back up to her room, concluding the tour. Obviously no one was home, she lay back on her bed and tried to sleep. A few minutes and she would have actually slept, but faint noises were coming from somewhere within the walls, it sounded like. She got up and rounded the corner to her guardian's bedroom. It was a dark and hateful room, the décor was simply awful. The sound grew louder as she pushed through his room, stopping at a stone wall. The noises were fading in and out.

"When shall sheâ€¦" and "500 years of research and this is what Iâ€¦" It was her guardian's voice, no doubt about that. The raspy voice of that hateful man. She leaned against the wall, grumbling to herself. Suddenly the wall gave way and she went tumbling down a few steps before finally catching herself against a corner space. It was some sort of passageway, she wasn't really surprised though, the house was full of these things. She crept down the long and winding steps and into the dark cellar. She walked a couple steps before tripping over a rock stuck in the black soil. She pushed herself up from the ground and opened her eyes, a skeleton! She drew back in surprise and stood up, she almost screamed, but it would alert that man to her presence. She continued down the corridor, almost like she was being drawn, somehow she knew this place. Two doors sat at the end of the long passageway. Aria scratched her head and clutched her blanket tighter to her body as a draft blew through this underground cavern. \_Go on, girl. \_She thought to herself. \_ It's just a door.\_ She pushed open the small door to the right, careful not to make it squeak. It was some sort of laboratory, beakers, flasks and other thingamabobs lined the shelves. Books were strewn all over the place and yet it had a surprisingly happier atmosphere than the upstairs, although not by much. She advanced slowly through the room, stopping at a book in the floor. The title was unreadable due to the dust and corrosion it no doubt had endured over the years, She began to open it, the pages were also half rotted and brittle. "On X day, X month and X year a being calledâ€¦" She stopped, something was behind her, she turned slowly and â€¦black.

End Chapter two

\*\*\*\*

\*\*she passed out\*\* ^\_^ Well that's it for this chapter, no doubt you can probably guess what's going to happen, but if you can't chances are I'm not going to tell you. Wellâ€¦please review and be totally honest. Oh, anything that you would like to see happen in this fic? Please tell me. I realize that this story rushes and the descriptions aren't really all that, but you can get the general idea.

End  
file.